

EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97 *De Posner* Secretary.

Practical Talks To Farmers

THE HERALD'S farm page, conducted by H. H. Schutz, assistant professor of agronomy (the broad science of developing agricultural resources) in the New Mexico college of agriculture and mechanic arts, has already achieved distinction as the only authoritative compendium of agricultural information available to farmers in this valley where conditions are in a measure peculiar. For many years The Herald has sought to build up its farming department. But it has been difficult to procure material for that department of the newspaper that would be thoroughly applicable to actual conditions in this valley. It is easy enough to get material for a farm page that is based on experience in other states at a distance; there are numerous syndicates which make a business of supplying articles on farming to newspapers; none of these services has ever appealed to the management of The Herald as worth the space and money they would require, for they possess no local application. The topics discussed in these foreign services are of comparatively remote interest to our own southwest, and farmers in this region would find it difficult to apply many of the principles therein set forth.

It is with the view of giving to the farmers of the southwest a newspaper service particularly adapted to their needs, that The Herald has procured the services of a well equipped practical thoroughly trained agriculturist to conduct this page. Illustrating the broad field which is covered in the special service for the benefit of the farmer readers of The Herald a mere recital of the topics treated during the month of July is of interest. There have been authoritative and detailed articles within the last few weeks on the selection of wheat, the effect of alfalfa feeding on various farm animals, the feeding and care of poultry, the need of farmers for poultry and the great opportunities open to agriculturists in this branch of the business, the culture of peaches, the value of pumping plants as supplementary to irrigation, the raising and marketing of cantaloupes, the effect of soil cultivation on growth of crops and quantity of water needed, the value of poultry raising on dry farms, examples of successful farming in this valley, the science and art of grading wheat, raising turkeys for the market, the art of properly starting orchard trees, the efficiency of irrigation pumping plants, chicken foods, chicken diseases, etc., etc.

In Saturday's paper this week will appear a very important article on hog raising in irrigated regions. Prof. Schutz has made a special study of this subject and is well qualified to advise the farmers of the southwest upon the economic importance of hog raising.

This is a division of farm management that is almost totally neglected in El Paso county. There are fewer four footed hogs in this valley than there are three legged burros. It does not reflect much credit on the capacity of a farmer as a manager when he neglects such a very important branch of farming as raising hogs. In his Saturday article Prof. Schutz will advise the raising of barley for the purpose of feeding hogs and this applies to irrigated regions and dry farming regions with equal force. Field peas and alfalfa are also good, but Prof. Schutz has excellent authority for maintaining that barley in this valley may prove to be the most economical hog feed. Says he, "It is cheaper to raise barley under irrigation than corn in the Mississippi valley states, and it will produce more pork."

In his Saturday article Prof. Schutz will cover the questions of hog feeding, selection of strains, finishing for the market, hardening the flesh, raising hogs for different purposes, importance of abundant clean water, preparation of feed, and other questions of vital importance to the successful hog raiser.

The efforts of The Herald to meet the demand of southwestern farmers for information of special local interest are widely appreciated.

The United States biological survey has been studying the birds of California in their relation to the interest of the farmers. Of all the birds common in the state only four species are regarded as harmful to growing crops out of proportion to the good they do. These are the linnet, California jay, stellar jay, and red-breasted sapsucker. The biological survey bulletin lays great stress on the fact that all the damage the birds may do to agricultural and horticultural products is small as compared with the benefits they confer by destroying harmful insects and seeds of noxious weeds.

The Way to Win Support.

THE Republicans of El Paso county have put in the field a strong ticket of good clean men. The local Republican party has for years demonstrated forcibly its right to active participation in governmental affairs by choosing for its nominees without exception men of high character, good standing in the community, and recognized fitness for public office.

Clean political methods as exemplified by the nominations and by the party activities of the Republicans locally deserve recognition and support. Balance well maintained between the two great parties is desirable in county and state affairs no less than nationally. There is no good reason why the Republican county ticket should not poll a very substantial share of the total vote this fall, and win the election as to some offices at least.

In this community there is no foundation for the slightest prejudice against voting the Republican ticket, and it becomes, or should become, solely a question of choosing the best man for the offices and the most progressive and widely serviceable program of party principles and administration.

The investigation at Palestine, Texas, discloses that a number of the negro victims were young boys and that the mob in squads of 20 or more went through the country roads, the woods, and the village, firing upon every black skin they saw. There seems to have been no armed attack or retaliation by the negroes, and no provocation for the outrages by the white mob. Many of the white men of the country who were not members of the mob were so terrorized that they feared to give relief to the wounded negroes and left them lying in the sun to die. The whole episode is one of the most disgraceful that every blotted the history of this state.

There will be a good roads exhibit at the Dallas fair this fall; the suggestion is one that the El Paso fair managers would do well to follow. El Paso county has developed a system of road building likely to become a model for the whole United States. Miniature samples showing the methods of construction accompanied by models and photographs would prove extremely interesting to all visitors both from the city and the surrounding territory. It is a great opportunity to push along the educational campaign for good roads.

EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE husband went home to his wife when his day's toil was through. "You're tired," he said, "my love, my life—tell me what worries you! Something has happened, that I know, to fret you and annoy; now let your husband share your woes, as he has shared your joys." The wife replied: "I'm nervous, dear I fear I'm all unstrung; so do not mind my vagrant tear, or my complaining tongue. The little mishaps of the day, just fill my heart with dread; I try to laugh my griefs away, but tears will come instead. Our little Johnnie came to play with others, on the street; an automobile came that way, and cut off both his feet. And then our little Sarah Jane, went out to buy a hat, and some one, from an aeroplane, fell down and mashed

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Beatrice Fairfax Midsummer Love and Its Many Dangers

I WONDER how many captains will bring their little ships safely home to port these midsummer days. Girls may pass the winter season without sweethearts and hearts, but few girls go through the summer without at least one sentimental episode.

It's a sort of midsummer madness which gets in the blood.

Many of you my girls, will fall in love this summer.

With some it will be the great and abiding love of your lives; with others it will be a passing infatuation—but with all it will be real enough, while it lasts. And, in either case, it should be looked upon seriously.

If it is real love, may God bless you and help you to steer your little boat of happiness into a safe harbor.

Avoid this Danger, Girls.

If it is imitation love, may God grant you sense to distinguish between the false and the true, and to avoid the worst fate that can befall any girl—a loveless marriage.

A moonlit summer evening puts a great glamour on commonplace things. It can glorify a flirtation into a very good imitation of real love.

Try to keep your wits, girls, even when your hearts are pounding madly and the whole moonlit world is singing of love.

Ask yourself if what you feel is love, or some mere physical attraction, which quickly wears off.

When you fall in love, you want it to be the love of your life, for you know, dear, this falling in love is a strange, perplexing sort of joy, as troublesome as it is sweet.

There are doubts and fears, as well as joys.

Song Of the Ironworker

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON.

WELL, gentlemen—well gentlemen—in your frowsy, drowsy clubs. Take note of me an' Bill McGhee an' twenty other dubs. Who're stuck agin the sky line, like flies agin a wall—Ho, think o' me an' Bill McGhee, an' watch us as we crawl. Around the bars, between the stars an' up the shafts o' day; You hear the gang when the hammers clang an' the bulgines hoist away.

Ho, give us a job to fix the moon; to tink' the golden star! Give us a chance an' see us prance along a path o' air! We'll hang for hours by our teeth to the flowers that grow in the turquoise bed. An' rattle a seine through the silver rain for the tears that the angels shed!

Aye, gentlemen—high gentlemen—in your frowsy, drowsy clubs. Take note o' me an' Bill McGhee an' twenty other dubs. (The half of them are come-one, an' the other half a scream!) But watch 'em as they lift between the banks o' the river, an' see 'em float down the clouds, above the crowd, above the dinky town—Toward the night o' the shafts o' light that God himself send down!

Ho, gentlemen—so, gentlemen—at your wasteful, wasteful ease. Get on to us an' hear us cuss, an' watch us as we squeeze. The girders into decent shape, an' see the graceful way. We swing like toy balloons to meet the comin' o' the day! Toward the sky we climb so high; through vacant space we grope—We're anchored there by earnest prayer, with God our chiefest hope!

"So give us a chance to paint the clouds, or prop the fallin' stars; Give us a crack at the milky track, or a job to rivet Mars. We'll can the thunder an' make Jove wonder whose stealin' his lightning bolts—An' step us to Venus, who'll say that she's seen us when we hand her a couple o' jolts!"

THE ONE WHO WINS

(By Kenneth Harris.)

YOU may be almighty clever; you may be, in fact, a wonder. With a brain that in its workings never makes a stall or blunder. You may set the world a-gaping with some marvelous invention. You may make a grand success of anything you like to mention; You may have an eye that's hawk-like, penetrating and commanding. But you'll not command a stranger with your strength of understanding. If upon your fellow creatures you would make a great impression, Put some flesh on.

If you're undersized and puny—duodecimal edition—With no sort of brawn or muscle for asserting your position. If you're hatchet-faced and spindling, you must find existence painful. For the world looks on the skinny with respect most disdainful. You'll be treated with contempt, scorned, neglected, disregarded. Yes, you'll be turned down a-plenty if your ribs are not well larded. It's the thin folk, you will notice, lack assertion and aggression. Put some flesh on.

If the close-to-fifty waistband, you will find that's world-controlling. It's the voice that gruffly rumbles, it's the eye that's fiercely rolling. It's the neck that's red and bulging o'er a number eighteen collar. It's the amplitude of shirt-front, you may bet your bottom dollar. When you bellow like a fog-horn and your tread makes windows rattle. There will be small need of fighting. You've already won the battle. You will seldom have to struggle for a favor or concession. Put some flesh on.

Reno Has Fire.

Reno, Nev. Aug. 4.—An explosion of gasoline in a tailor shop caused a fire which burned three business houses and their contents valued at about \$10,000 and insured for half that amount.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—Rudolph Spreckels, returning from his conference with Col. Roosevelt in New York, arrived in Chicago en route to Madison, Wis., to see senator R. M. La Follette. Mr. Spreckels said the insurgent movement in the Republican party was in the saddle to stay and that he had become an insurgent.

Dr. W. M. Yandell was run over by a horse this afternoon. Johnny Steffan and bride were rere-nated last night. The directors of the Y. M. C. A. will meet Thursday night.

Gov. Ahmads of Chihuahua is on his way to Juarez to preside at the laying of the corner stone of the public school building.

The first shipment of El Paso grapes for the season was made yesterday. A. P. Coles denies the report that he has leased the Niagara Falls Hotel.

Z. T. White and Z. B. Clardy have returned from a trip to St. Louis. There was a refreshing rain last night.

Harry Powers' right hand was injured yesterday at the planing mill.

Spreckels an Insurgent. Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—Rudolph Spreckels, returning from his conference with Col. Roosevelt in New York, arrived in Chicago en route to Madison, Wis., to see senator R. M. La Follette. Mr. Spreckels said the insurgent movement in the Republican party was in the saddle to stay and that he had become an insurgent.

King George Of England Never Tried In Matters Of Government Before

XXX—THE BRITISH CRISIS.

LONDON, England, Aug. 4.—His most excellent majesty, George the Fifth, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British dominions beyond the seas, king, defender of the faith, Emperor of India, will receive the British crown from the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey one day next June. This man, of whom the world knows nothing, actually became king that night last May when his father died. For eighteen years England and the English knew that this young man some day would be called to reign over the vast dominions of the British empire, comprising one-fifth of the world's territory and one-fifth of the world's inhabitants. But the British people never inquired what manner of man he might be; they never asked him for his opinions as to matters of governmental policy; they never questioned his fitness for the high office he was destined to fill; they knew only that he was of royal race and that he would be king.

King Business Old Trade.

The king business is one of the oldest trades in the world. Like other businesses it has had its ups and downs; it has been popular and its tradesmen have ruled or ruined at their august pleasure; it has been unpopular and its tradesmen have paid with their lives the penalty of their kingship. Kings have been the inspired and consecrated agents of the deity in ruling the mortals of this inferior world; kings have been the pawns in games played by great statesmen, diplomats and priests; kings have been mere figureheads to represent in mortal flesh the immortal and intangible spirit of a national existence. But always kings have been, and never has there been a king who would of his own accord abate one jot or tittle of his royal power. Never has there been a king who did not believe in his soul that he was made of better clay than other men.

Something more than a century ago there was a great social convulsion in the western world which caused thrills to totter, and which occasioned a terrific slump in the stock of kings. The king, who had been the ruler of the world by virtue of divine right, this great panic was followed by a long series of ups and downs in which no king ever knew quite what his business was worth. About 40 years ago things quieted down, and ever since then king stock has been gradually rising. Today the king business is more flourishing than at any time within the past 100 years.

Proud to be Subjects.

Abundant as it may seem to those in whose veins runs the blood of men who signed the Declaration of Independence, subjects of kings are quite as proud of their estate as are the subjects of a republic. An American will not fall to winces when some careless speaking Englishman refers to him as an "American subject." And yet the Englishman is as proud of his royal status as a subject of King George as any American, be he Jefferson Brick himself, could be of his citizenship in the American republic. Any person in England who agitates the overthrow of the monarchy is liable to arrest and imprisonment. A republic would be even more of a traitor than an American who would advocate making a certain citizen into King Theodore I. There are no republicans in Britain, just as there are no monarchists in America. Every man likes his own system. True, it may be objected that there are republicans in Spain; but then there are also monarchists in France. The trouble in those countries is that the system has changed so many times that the people are not settled in their preferences.

Loyalty First Duty.

The one thing about which every Briton is agreed is that it is his first duty, under any and all circumstances, to be loyal to his king and to his country. Loyalty to the crown is the only effective bond of British unity. Even the Irish, as long as they remain in Ireland, forget the sufferings of the years of cruel oppression and seek messages of devotion and loyalty to the new sovereign. The Hindu revolutionists, too, often maligning as anarchists, when King Edward died, gathered in state to express in ceremonial song their sorrow of the 300,000,000 subjects of the Kaiser-Emperor. They may be bitter politics, and even bloody violence in protest against the constituted British government, but there is nothing but love and loyalty for the English king.

George a Crack Shot.

And the man who has come to occupy this, the greatest throne in all the history of monarchy; the man who is to rule over this, the greatest empire ever acknowledged by man; the man who now receives the homage of this world-wide and magnificent loyalty is a man about whom only three things are certain:—he is a crack shot, he is one of the greatest postage stamp collectors in the world, and he suffers with dyspepsia.

There is a general custom among kings to decree that the crown prince opposes always the political views of his father. Queen Victoria was popularly believed to be a Tory. Edward was a Liberal. George, by the same token, is presumed to be a Tory. Certain it is the most of his friends have been staunch Tories and George never has exhibited any of those democratic traits which made his father popular outside of his own realm as well as within its borders. George, so far as anything is known of him at all, is an intense Englishman, having the average Englishman's supreme contempt and hearty dislike for all foreigners. His queen, too, is English. The first English princess to sit on the English throne for many years. She too dislikes and distrusts foreigners.

Believes in Navy.

In his career as Prince of Wales George made one speech which was more than a mere conventional utterance. It was entitled "Wake up, England!" It was an exposition of the doctrines of the Imperialist party, which is to say, the Tory party. It is inevitable that the king will be a sailor from his childhood until the death of his elder brother, should be a hearty supporter of the navy and a believer in the doctrines of the Blue Water school.

With respect to the navy, and to Imperialism, it is possible to guess that George is an ardent Tory. There is no one thing upon which one may base a belief that the new king in any way sympathizes with the Liberal party. As far as the domestic political crisis is concerned, king George's attitude is not known. It may not be guessed at intelligently. Groping in the dark, one feels rather than sees that the king will oppose, whether actively or passively, the efforts of the British democracy

to destroy the peculiar privileges of the aristocracy.

Obscurity of Prince.

The divinity that doth hedge a king is as nothing compared to the obscurity which envelops an heir apparent. Witness the Prince Imperial of Japan, the crown prince of Austria, or the vice president of the United States. Secure in that obscurity, George formed his political notions. He was an interested auditor in the galleries of the house of commons during the long debates on the constitutional crisis last winter. He heard at first hand the best arguments of both sides. But on his face he wore a royal mask which effectually concealed his emotions. If he ever communicated his comments on that debate to any living soul, the English people do not know it.

Here is the ancient kingdom of England in the throes of a great constitutional crisis, the issue of which probably will change forever the course of British affairs. The opposing sides are lined up in battle array, all ready for the fight, waiting only until their new king may get his crown, before invoking the arbitrament of poll-tax and war. And yet both sides, each believing that the future of England depends upon the success of its doctrines, will be willing to defer their judgment, or perhaps the prejudiced, of this unknown and unknown man.

King's Will Is Law.

The leaders of both parties know that the king's will may not be opposed, unless the king should violate his pledges to the people. If he shall let it be known, without personally meddling in the political situation, that he favors the continuation of the present relations between the lords and the commons, his will probably will prevail.

A Question Of Inches

By Ruby H. Ayres.

SHE lived next door to me. A hedge of briar rose was the sole barrier between our respective gardens. Sometimes, when the hedge was not too thick, we held conversation across it. And because was the fairest rose of all as it smiled at me between the leaves; but more often than not she would come into my garden and sit best to my chair and talk to me, for I am a cripple, though, as this story is not mine, will not weary you with a recital of the accident which caused me to my chair.

I grew fond of the little girl next door.

No, there are no conclusions to be jumped at. I am 50, and my hair is gray; and she is one and twenty. It was one morning in early June when I saw the glimmer of her frock through the rose-hedge, and I heard the click of the gate. I had been expecting her, seeing that shortly before I had seen poor Bob Hillyer's dejected shoulders pass my gate and vanish down the sunny road.

He had been "refused" for the second time as I had known he would be, but experience has taught me the uselessness of arguing with a man in love. She came up my garden path with a frown on her pretty face.

"He's been and done it again," she said with exasperation.

I looked at her critically; she looked rather disturbed, but certainly not angry.

"The man is a fool," I said quietly. She looked startled, and not particularly pleased.

"Of course," she said. "Of course," I said.

"Why?" Rye tried to look dignified. It was a failure.

"Because he might have known beforehand that you would refuse him," I said evenly.

"Quite so," he admitted. "But that isn't the reason."

She flushed up.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean," I said, "that if you told Bob Hillyer the truth you would say, 'I am not going to marry you because you are too short and too quiet and too much everything I don't admire in a man.'"

"In fact," I added solemnly, "it's merely a question of inches. But looks are everything."

"I never said they were," she replied.

"But you think so," said I, expecting instant annihilation. "And that's why I am going to tell you that Hillyer is a little bit more in the world more than the handsome six foot something that goes by the name of Geoffrey Wyburg."

Another silence, then Rye laughed, not very naturally. Are you jealous of him, too?" she asked.

"Isn't it rather an insult to accuse people of being jealous of a tailor's dummy?" I asked.

Rye grew scarlet, there were tears of vexation in her eyes.

"He's the handsomest man in the country," she declared. "And you know he is."

"My dear, I never denied it," said I. "But you could put his brain on a three penny piece, and he hasn't the heart of a mouse. It isn't always the biggest men who have the biggest hearts—and Bob Hillyer's."

"Oh, I'm sick of hearing about Bob," she bellowed in. Father never loses a chance to tell me that he is the finest fellow in the world, and mother says that he loves him like her own son; but he never will be in spite of what they say," declared Rye.

I maintained a discreet silence, chiefly because I differed from her, and it did not seem quite a propitious moment in which to say so.

"Of course," she submitted with sarcasm, "we all know that Bob is rich."

"And we all know," I added, "that what is far better—he has a heart of gold."

"I don't believe in betting," she announced, throwing away the last petal of the decapitated flower. "But I should like to have a little one with you on the new marry."

"Delighted," said I. "Will you have gloves or chocolates?"

"Gloves—six pairs, and my size is small fives."

She seemed confident of winning.

"And you lose?" I asked.

She laughed again—very confidently. I had seen young Wyburg kiss her at the gate a few nights back, and supposed to put it vulgarly—she was backing herself to win, on the strength of that. But a kiss does not of necessity mean riding to win; sometimes a man kisses and rides away.

"You seem confident of winning," she said.

"I am going away," wrote Rye in a shaky hand. "I can't come to say 'Good-bye' to you, because I am so ashamed. I was in the garden last night lying behind the bushes, and I heard what I know you must have heard."

"And the best thing that could have happened," I said aloud.

Rye stayed away nearly a month, and then, one afternoon when I was dozing under the trees in the garden, I heard steps across the lawn. I knew whose they were, and I kept my eyes closed. They came close to me, quite near, and then two kisses were softly printed on my forehead.

I had won the bet.

Abe Martin



Ignorance gives a feller away quicker than a celluloid collar. It's no trouble 't do a fine credit business.

And yet the British people would not permit him to take an active part in party politics, for to do so would be to violate the best traditions of English kings and would forfeit him the respect of his people.

Perhaps if George is the Tory that many believe him to be, he will save the aristocracy its privileges, and block the attack of a militant democracy, by appealing to all the people not to do anything that will embarrass him. It is an apparent certainty that the Liberals cannot win in their fight against the house of lords unless the king will give Mr. Asquith the power to name a

(Continued on Page Seven.)

The Herald's Daily Short Story

Wyburg kissed her at the gate that evening. They made a pretty picture, I watched them through the rose-hedge, and I could not but admit that they were a charming picture.

Rye called to me through the hedge the next morning.

"Bob has gone away," she said.

"Sensible fellow," said I. "No doubt he'll soon find another lady-love."

Rye shook her head with delightful content.

"I am afraid he won't," she said. "He's the sort of man who takes things badly."

I was rather hard on Wyburg, but then my fear was that Rye was riding for a fall.

And I was right.

His visits to Rose Cottage suddenly ceased.

Rye said he had gone to London on business.

I suppose she read disbelief in my eyes.

"When he comes back," she said, a sort of defiance in her voice, "when he comes back, everything will be all right—and I shall have my gloves," she added, trying to speak playfully.

"He's coming back this evening," said Rye.

I looked up from my book, and mentally noted that she was wearing a new frock.

"So I observe," I said. She looked down at her dress, it was blue, like her eyes, and blushed.

I had had a letter from Bob Hillyer that morning, and it had told me something that had disquieted me—something that was not very pleasant.

From the chorus of a musical comedy and a registrar's office.

"Hillyer returns tonight as well," I said.

But Rye evinced no interest, and after a moment, during which it was perfectly evident that she was waiting for me to tell her what she had heard, she was not with me, she took herself off.